BATT upon BATT.

A

POEM

UPON

The PARTS, PATIENCE, and PAINS,

OF

Barthol. Kempſter,

Clerk, Poet, Cutler, of *Holy-Rood*-Parish in *Southampton*.

By a Perſon of Quality.

Ex Dono Johan Speed, M.D.
& St. John's Coll: Oxford.

To which is annexed the VISION,

Wherein is deſcribed *Batt*'s Perſon and Ingenuity; with an Account of the Ancient and Preſent State and Glory of *Southampton*.

By the ſame AUTHOR.

Dedicated to the Gentry of *Hampſhire*,

For their Diverſion:

But more eſpecially to the Inhabitants of *Southampton*.

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THE

PRINTER

To the general READER,

Greeting;

But more especially the CLERKS of Parish-Churches throughout the Kingdom of *England*, Dominion of *Wales*, and Town of *Barwick* upon *Tweed*.

FOR your better understanding the Occasion of the Author's writing this ensuing Poem, I must tell you, That Rhyming Batt *(like the Bell-men of this Town at* Christmas*) made some Heroick Stanza's upon the Author; who, in requital and gratitude, composed these following Verses.*

T. A.

BAT

Batt upon Batt.

To the laud and praise of *Bartholomew Kempster*,

Clerk, Poet, Cutler, of *Holy-Roods* in *Southampton*.

HAD I! O had I! *Batt*, thy face and throat,
Could I betune the Flock with such sweet note,
Could I with equal Metre *Hopkins* fit,
Out-*Sternhold Sternhold*, Wisdom eke outwit;
Then would I venture to set forth thy Praise,
And rob Church-Pews to crown thy head with Bays.
Or had I for thy sake the Triple-sconce
Of *Cerberus*, to bark three ways at once,
Clerk, Poet, Cutler, Baw, waw, waw, besides
That Cardinal vertue, for on Mules it rides,
Patience I mean, in which thou dost excel,
As all thy Neighbours and thy Wife can tell.
Three Trumps then would I sound to thy renown,
And from thy Fame immortalize my own.
Ingenious *Batt!* by Trade and Nature, fit
To set an Edge both on our Knives and Wit.
Vulcan, they say, made mighty Arms for *Mars*,
(Cuckolds are kinde) but he ne'r made a Verse.
Apollo he made Verses, but in's life
I never heard that ere he made a Knife.
Now *Batt* does all that both these Gods could do,
Hammers out Verses, and hard Iron too:
To sheath strong sense in Metaphorick words,
Is but the making Scabbards for his Swords.
He is a two-fac'd Pump, whose Spouts do run
Smith's water one way, t'other Helicon.
Have you not seen the thing our Butler uses
With cabin'd belly, things call'd double Cruises?
The right side Vinegar, the left holds Oyl;
The Emblems, that of Wit, and this of Toyl.
Such is the Skull of *Batt*, in which the Brains
Are parted into Poetry and Pains.
He writes and works so equally, you'd think
One Cheek were black'd with Smoak, t'other with Ink.
Thrice happy temper! for what makes our life
More pleasant than a good Wit and good Knife?
Without their help who can good *Christmas* keep?
Our Teeth would water, and our Eyes would weep:
Hunger and Dulness would invade our Feasts,
Did not *Batt* finde us Arms against such Guests.
He is the cunning Engineer, whose Skill
Makes Tools to carve the Goose, and shape the Quill:
Fancy and Wit unto our Meals supplies;
Carols, and not mince'd meat, make *Christmas*-pies.
'Tis Mirth, not Dishes, sets a Table off;
Brutes and Phanaticks eat and never laugh.
What man of Teeth then can be so ingrate,
To slice Roast-beef, and not remember *Batt?*

When Brawn with powdred Wig comes swaggering in,
And mighty Serjeant ushers in the Chine,
What ought a wise man first to think upon?
Have I my Tools? if not, I am undone:
For 'tis a Law concerns both Saint and Sinner,
That he that hath no Knife, must have no Dinner.
So he falls on; Pig, Goose, and Capon feel
The goodness of his Stomach, and *Batt*'s Steel.
In such fierce Frays, alas, there no Remorse is;
All Flesh is Grass, which makes men eat like Horses:
But when the Battle's done, off goes the Hat,
And each man sheaths with God-a-mercy *Batt*.
So when the Mistris cannot hit the Joynt,
Which proves sometimes, you know, a difficult point,
Think on a Cuckold, straight the Gossips cry;
But think on *Batt*'s good Carving-knife, say I;
That still nicks sure, without offence and scandal:
Dull Blades may be beholding to their Handle;
But those *Batt* makes are all so sharp, they scorn
To be so charmed by his Neighbours Horn.
When I the Edges of his Ware have seen,
(Seen they could not be, they were all so keen)
When I have found their Temper all so good,
From the long Rapier to the Oyster-spud;
Happy, thrice happy 'tis, I us'd to say,
For all mankind, who wish for length of day,
That *Batt* no Cutler is unto the Fates;
His Sheers would cut our Threads off at strange rates:
Snip------'tis no more; there's work for *Batt*, and die
We must, to finde him Cakes and Elegie.
O mortal men! is Eating all you do
At Christ-tide? or the making Sing-songs? No:
Our *Batt* can dance, play at high Jinks with Dice,
At any Primitive Orthodoxal Vice.
Shoeing the wilde Mare, tumbling the young Wenches,
Drinking all night, and Sleeping on the Benches.
I'll say that for him, were he to be hang'd,
He is as true a Blade as ever twang'd.
Shew me a man can shuffle fair and cut,
Yet always have three Trays in hand at Put:
Shew me a man can turn up Noddy still,
And deal himself three Fives too when he will:
Concludes with One and thirty, and a Pair;
Never fails Ten in Stock, and yet plays fair.
If *Batt* be not that Wight, I loose my aim;
If any else pretend unto the fame,
And say we dare not match him for a Pot,
They lye-----provided *Batt*'s Wife know it not.
Hearke, the Bells toll at *Holy-Roods*; away
To Church, this is *Batt*'s Exercising-day.
He's fally'd out from signe of Pole and Bason,
With Clergy-Cloak, clean Band, and Sunday-face on.
Some commend Eunuchs chanting in the Quire,
But how they should learn Prick-song, I admire.
Some praise their Skill who in white Surplice sing
Fa, la, fa, fol, Anthems, or some such thing:
But let them not our smutty Clerk despise;
Blackbirds still whistle better than Magpies.
Their charming Trills and Thrombo's must give place
To the melodious Consort of *Batt*'s face;

Where Eyes and Nose, Mouth, Beard, and Chin agree
In each sweet Note: A Quire themselves they be;
And better Musick it most times appears,
To see his Strains, than hear the best of theirs.
Then at the Godly Twang, the two last Sta---aves,
Without which, Service is but done by halves:
Compar'd to him, what are they? such a thing
As is his Bell-rope to a Fiddle-string.
No more like him for Goggle, Sniff, and Groan,
Than blinde Batt is to *Batt* with four Eyes on.
Search the Cathedrals, Colledges, and Halls,
All Churches, Chappels, Meeting-houses, Stalls;
Summon all men of edifying Voice,
From Deans and Chapters to the Singing-boys,
Chaplain, and Vicar, Lecturers to boot:
Nay, that our Challenge may be brave and stout;
Take in th'Apprentice, by Indenture bound,
On every Sabbath-day the seven years round,
To spell his Master fast asleep, and then
Hem---till he wakes, and gaping cries---Amen.
If any (bar mistakes) with greater pace
Can read the Chapters, let 'um take *Batts* place.
Well then, put on thy Eyes, and look about thee;
Do what we can, we can do nought without thee.
Let's woo and woo, and gain good will, what then?
It comes to nothing, till thou say Amen.
No Woman can be Church'd, till *Batt* appear;
A Christening is no Christening, 'less he's there.
Without his help, *Moll*, *Betty*, *Tom*, and *Will*,
Sweet Babes, God knows, had all been Cakebread still.
If any well-disposed person's sick,
Batt's sent to; Collects cheaper are than Physick.
To say the truth on't, *Batt*, no man can be
With credit hang'd, without thy facultie:
For who without a Psalm doth take a swing,
Dies like a Dog; hang him, he would not sing:
But who turns off in tune, 's a proper man,
And, *Batt*, thy Knife may cut him down agen.
Nay, were I to be buried for my life,
And all the learned Parish-Clerks at strife,
Who should the Shovel shake; *Batt* should be he,
Or else be buried who would for me.
He can go through the work, and close my Grave
Not with Dust onely, but an Epitaph.
Then in a word, he is the noblest Blade
That ever grac'd the Wheel and Whetstone Trade;
The Organ of our Church, the greatest Lay-man
That ever solemnly squeez'd out A--Amen.
He is the Wit, the Mirth, Religion,
The very Life and Death of the whole Town.
He is---Hold, Muse! *Batt's Batt*, and so will be;
Should I say more, 'twould be Battologie.

The VISION.

HOld, hold my head! O *Jove*, thou know'st my pain,
When *Vulcan* was Man-Midwife to thy brain,
As *Batt* the better workman is to mine;
Batt! thou that mak'st all the whole Parish whine,
Come tune my Fancy, as thou dost the Psalms,
And with thy Bellows raise Poetick Flames.

No Inkhorn will I dip in but thy mouth,
Where Wooll, black Wooll, fit for ſad purpoſe grow'th:
But leſt the doleful Theme ſhould make it dry,
We'll ſet, that's Mourning too, a black Pot by.
Bright Sol, with Perriwig of curled Carrot,
And a Face lacca'd ore like his Chariot,
The cheerful Author of all Wit and Light,
But what the Bell-man ſtalks with in the Night,
Had drove his Stage-Coach to the place of reſt,
Dreſt all his Horſes, and himſelf undreſt,
With Nights black Stockin had becapt his head,
And ſoftly crept to Madam *Theris* bed:
Where what he did, I think I need not name;
We Mortals, by his influence, do the ſame.
'Twas then, juſt then, ſoft ſlumber ſeiz'd mine Eye,
I wink'd, and winking men moſt Viſions ſpie;
When to my Fancy (what can't Fancy do?)
Appear'd a Satyr ſad, and full of woe:
Bald was his Crown, but briſtly was his Beard; *Batt's Perſon deſcribed.*
I ſaw no Horns, but he was over-ear'd.
Grief had ſo ſunk his Eyes, that through each hole
Methought I could look quite through to his Pole.
In his Dark-lanthorn-face, Noſe ſtood for handle,
And a white Tooth ſupplí'd the inch of Candle.
A Cloak upon one ſhoulder hangs as thin,
But not ſo black as was the Wearers skin:
To which compar'd, Charcoal and Jet ſeem wan,
'Twould make deep Mourning for an *African*.
A piece of dirty ſtretching Leather fac'd
His breaſt; an Apron, or his Conſcience was't?
He drivell'd Ink, from Noſtrils Tar diſtill'd,
Piſs'd Coffee, and with Pitch his hoſe full-fill'd.
No Fumes from ſooty Hypocondria ſent,
Could a more diſmal Viſion repreſent.
At firſt approach, in ſweat and fear I laid,
And ſoftly *Fee Faa Fumm* thrice over ſaid.
Enchanted ſo, Devil, what art, I cri'd:
Your very humble Servant, he repli'd.
I am the God of Wit in Maſquerade,
The grand Improver of the Rhyming Trade;
Mechanick Fancy, a true Greſhamite,
One that can ſing, file, hammer, and indite.
Or if you would in Modern Language know it,
I am a Philo-pyro-technical Poet.
Surceaſe to wonder, roaking Mortal, that here
I do appear in Elegiack Tatter.
Grief, grief 'tis brings me unto thee to wait,
Both as chief Mourner for *Batt*'s deareſt Mate,
And to complain of this ungrateful Town,
Which lets a Matron of ſo good Renown,
An Alder-woman of the ſacred hill,
Die, without Tribute from each Gooſe's quill:
One, at whoſe Grave, all Muſes ought to meet,
Like Swans, with paper-breaſts and inky feet;
And with ſweet Ballad crown her godly life,
The common right of every Poets Wife.

Hampton, O *Hampton*, in the days of yore,
The lawful Pride of all the Southern ſhore,
With all advantages of Nature grac'd,
Betwixt the Arms of fair *Amona* plac'd;

Guarded by Forrests both on Land and Sea,
From Storms, and man, the ruder Enemy,
By *Neptune* and his Argonauts cares'd,
And all that e're were in Tarpolin dres'd.
Admir'd for Beauty, but for Riches more;
For nothing can be handsome that is poor.
Fertile in men of Valour and loud Fame,
In Knights and Giants, as thy Gates proclaim.
And gentle Poets, without whom those VVights
Had got but little honour by their Fights.
Upon thy Banks fam'd *Sternhold* did compose
Those two last Staves which *Batt* so oft doth nose.
Batt, to thy Altars too sweet Metre brings,
And makes as learned Anthems as he sings.
Here once each Tradesman could both work and write;
As Coblers whistle at it, they'd indite.
Invention was so pregnant, that oft times
Men would talk Poetry, that could not Rhymes.
Poems were pasted up in every Hall,
As thick and thin as Cobwebs on the wall.
Here you might view *Haman* in all his pride,
Us'd like a Rogue, hang'd, and then Dittin'd.
Or the two Elders, Poets in their time,
Tempting *Susanna* in Battoick Rhyme.
Each Kitchin, Parlor, Chamber, were all dres't here
With *Sampson*, *Joseph*, *Daniel*, or Queen *Hester*.
No Room was thought well furnisht for Converse,
Till hung with Buckram-paint and Buckram-verse,
Nay, I have seen a Ballad full of wit,
Tore down to singe a Goose upon the spit.
Bless'd Town! where did the Gods e'er grant before,
That men might all be Poets, and not poor?
A happiness ne'er in *Parnassus* known,
Nor couldst thou, *Hampton*, call it long thy own:
For Age, who like a Bloud-hound, Glory traces,
And destroys Towns as well as handsome Faces,
Hath made thee poor and dull like other places.
Imp'd with swift wings thy Beauty's fled away,
The very ruines of thy Pride decay.
Thy Gates are mouldred, the Portcullis shewth
Like rotten teeth in an old womans mouth.
Walls, Forts, and Towers into their Trenches slide,
The Castle looks like a Nose Frenchify'd;
As though in vain the Monsieur heretofore
Had made thee shift thy Lodging for a Cure.

Sternhold *born in* Hampton.

Formerly every house had several sacred Rhymes in it.

The Town burnt twice by the French.

Whither are all thy winged Lovers flown,
The mighty Carricks and great Gallion,
With all that numerous train which did resort
In Marine Coaches to thy crowded Port?
They cease their Courtship now, and onely own
Thou hast been once a rich and handsome Town:
But time hath put a period to those days:
Farewel; when Miss grows old, the Gallant strays.
Nor art thou Bankrupt grown onely in Trade,
But oh, thy very VVits too are decay'd.
Whither are now the race of Chimers gone,
Thy Quibble-Squires and Knights of *Helicon*?
All the VVit-Jobbers are quite broke, they say,
Here's scarce one left that can at Crambo play,
Nothing of VVit or Poetry remains,
But thread-bare Coats, no Money, and crack'd Brains.

Oh,

Oh, Heavens, how strange these Alterations are!
Shall we want Ballads in a Country-Fair?
The merry Fidlers long since left the Town, *There was formerly Musick for the Mayor and Town.*
And now of late the Gallows is broke down;
Which by the ancient Charter still did use
To furnish matter for the Tragick Muse.
No wonder then if Poetry decay,
When such Encouragements are ta'n away.
There was a time when not a Dog could die
Within these VValls, without an Elegie. Batt *made an Elegie upon Capt.* Narborn's *Dog* Quand.
A Dog of Note, I mean, not every Dog
Bred up to tug the nasty tail of Hog;
But such as *Quand*, who liv'd in gentile fashion,
And di'd as Gentiles do, of Recreation. *The Dog died of a Clap.*
But at *Moges* Grave they now all silence keep, Batt *made no Elegy upon his Wife.*
As though they fear'd to wake her from her sleep:
Not all the Market will afford a Verse
To pin upon a Sister-Poets Herse.
Poet by marriage, so she claims that honor,
As Madam hers' by a Knights lying on her.
Nay, *Batt* himself stands mute, as dull and dead
As Friar *Bacon*'s thrice-neglected head.
That Son of Fancy, got in Raptures, he
Whose life and living is all Poetrie,
Who suck'd *Prosodia* from his Mothers Teat,
Till like a Caterpiller he was all Feet:
A walking Ode, a Hymn of Ekes and Ayes,
Whose Pulse is but the scanning of his days;
He who ne'er speaks nor thinks, but in true time,
Farts Epigrams, and snores to 'um in Rhyme:
He, he stands dissipir'd, and some suppose,
Intends to take his leave of her in Prose.
A tame wilde beast of late, knowing he must,
When he grew fat, be damn'd to Pasty-crust,
Chose a more noble fate, and licking in
Poyson, prevented the Cooks Rowling-pin,
Heroick Act! which noble *Batt* did scorn Batt *made an Elegie upon Capt.* Narborn's *Back.*
(Hoping to be rewarded with a Horn)
Should unbewail'd in Rhyme Heroick go;
And could not his own Deer oblige him so?
Must *Megg*, the VVife of *Batt*, aged Eightie,
Deceas'd *November* thirteenth, Seventy three,
Be cast, like common Dust, into the Pit,
Without one line of Monumental wit?
One Death's-head Dystich, or Mortality-staff,
With sense enough for a Church-yard Epitaph?
No stirrup-Verse at Grave before she go?
Batt does not use to part at Tavern so.
Grief here prevailing, struck the Satyr dumb,
Who hoisting hard his dropping Nose with Thumb,
Like one that turns a Conduit-cock about
To let the water gush more freely out;
Methought I wept too then, and sighing said,
Courage, kinde Goblin, though the times are bad,
And VVit's as scarce as Money, yet no doubt
Fame will provoke some worthy Poet out,
Who from her story will renown his Pen.
He kindly bow'd, and smiling said, *Amen.*
At which I woke, as men at Sermons use,
And heard *Batt* knocking at the door for Dues. Batt *collects the Parsons Dues.*

FINIS.